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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1915

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The nation observes the anniversary of Lincoln's birthday, today. Fifty years after the close of the civil war, which events forced upon the most peacefully disposed of men, Abraham Lincoln is recognized, north and south, as the greatest American.

Born in a log cabin in the wilderness, self-educated, near as poverty itself, he rose through his own genius and merit to the highest place the American people could give him officially and occupies an unrivaled place in their affections.

Unusually and uncommon in appearance, regarding all living things with tenderness, feeling to him the weight of the burdens he bore, his charity of thought and purity of purpose and unswerving devotion to duty brought to him the homage of the greatest and the poorest of humanity.

It is one of the tragedies of history that a man so kindly disposed, so gentle, so loving should have been called upon to head the nation and direct the armies during four years of bloody and fratricidal war. With bleeding heart, he directed the devastating march of Sherman to the sea. It was by his orders that Grant hurled his legions relentlessly against the forces of Robert E. Lee, not counting whether the losses were numbered by the thousands or the tens of thousands. The end aimed at was the preservation of the federal union and the extirpation of human slavery.

In his first inaugural address, referring to the people of the south who were threatening war, Lincoln used the following words:

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, are the momentous issues of civil war. The government will not assault you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, whilst I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect and defend' it."

The tone of the statement was invincible, and the purpose not to shrink from whatever consequences might be involved in the preservation of the union was unswerving. He never faltered on the course marked out for him by his strange destiny.

His second inaugural address had in it all of the solemn grandeur of the ancient Hebrew prophets, his Gettysburg address is the classic of classic of all literature, his death crowned him as a martyr to human justice.

Texas is talking of dividing into two states. Either one of them would be willing to fight Mexico at the drop of the sombrero. Alas they might fight each other over the ownership of San Jacinto day, which is the real reason that Texas never will divide.

WASHINGTON'S DUTY.

The administration has addressed two timely notes, one to England regarding the use of the American flag on British merchant vessels and the other to Germany regarding the means the submarines of that country are expected to take to learn the identity of vessels before sinking them.

There is no international law against the use of a neutral flag by merchant vessels of a belligerent country, but, as pointed out in the note to Great Britain, continued use of the American flag by British ships would necessarily jeopardize American ships by depriving them of the exclusive protection to which their flag entitles them.

Germany's intimation that her submarines will do all they can for the protection of neutral ships, but that some of them may be sunk by mistake, is a graver matter. The purpose of it possibly is to warn American vessels from British waters, thus making the blockade more effective. But the American people will not tolerate the destruction of American vessels and their crews and the passengers aboard under such circumstances. One incident of that sort would set this nation aflame, and a repetition of it would produce a condition beyond the control of the administration, just as the blowing up of the Maine made war with Spain inevitable.

Those who find in the civil war

precedent that will prevent the United States from protesting against the German submarine blockade, quite overlook the essential difference of the two situations. We are very far from being "gagged by our own past." In the civil war the north maintained an effective blockade of southern ports. Its war vessels kept constant watch and ward to prevent blockade-runners from taking supplies to the south or laying its cotton.

No such situation presents itself in the present war. Even England, with its mighty navy, has not been able to declare and maintain an effective blockade of Germany. It has only been able to watch the entrances to the North sea and the Mediterranean. How then, with what submarines she may be able to send into the war zones, can Germany claim a real blockade?

International law and American practice alike are predicated on an actual blockade. No one doubts Germany's right to torpedo the merchantmen of the allies wherever found, so long as measures are taken to save the crews and passengers. But the right of any belligerent to sink an American ship, even when traversing a previously declared "war zone," has no existence, either in international law or American practice.

Should such thing be done, the offending power will hear from Washington with no uncertainty, or Washington will hear from the people of this country with no uncertainty.

The republicans in the legislature are guilty for responsibility, if their protestations are to be taken seriously; but in the meantime the state seems to be making no progress towards the enactment of a tax law and county officials are wondering, not how much salary they are to get but whether they will get any.

BIG BUSINESS.

The business of the country has been severely chastened in the last ten years. Evils have been corrected by legislation than by excited public opinion. Managers of great businesses have accepted every sort of helpful publicity and government regulation.

Evidence of this was given in the testimony of men like Gary and Guggenheim before the investigation of the Rockefeller and other foundations. That against which big business protests, and which public opinion is beginning to deprecate, is the wholesale crusade against success in business, by which the industry of the country is crippled and the wage earners who live by it suffer.

Former President Taft, in his recent address at the University of Indiana, did justice to the reforms in business that have been brought about by arousing public indignation. The inevitable excess of remedies he charged to lawless business as part of the cost of the original disease; but holds that the time has come to stop it, now that it has extended from chastened capital and frightened credit to the labor partnership in industry. He says:

"The industrial, nagging character of the powers of commissions created for the close supervision of corporate activities, has so frightened capital as to shrink investments and stop the normal expansion of the business of the country. The sad feature of such excess of remedy is that the persons who suffer most are the least able to bear suffering—the wage earners, whose comfort and living are dependent upon constant employment."

Business accepts its punishment. It no longer asks to be let alone. It will be highly content with reasonable supervision and regulation to keep the industry of the country going for the benefit of the whole public.

New Mexico big business—we have some business in this state entitled to be so characterized—has not learned the lesson so well taught in other parts of the country. The immediate question now relates to its share of taxation. If it continues to evade, there will be a chastening rod for it.

The French government will assist troops to do farming this spring, and the Russians propose to utilize their prisoners of war for the same purpose. The plow-handle sometimes prods one in the ribs, but does no serious harm.

HURTFUL REFORMERS.

It seems out of the question for prohibitionists to do things sanely. The Alabama legislature has just passed over the veto of the governor a bill to prohibit newspapers in the state from publishing liquor advertisements, which might be all right, and the circulation in the state of publications outside the state that carry such advertisements.

The postoffice is a federal institution. When a Chicago newspaper is mailed to an Alabama address, it will be delivered beyond doubt, whether it carries liquor advertisements or not. Any effort on the part of the state to prohibit the carrying of such newspapers through the mails and their delivery at their destination would be absurd. Whether the police would attempt to confiscate all such newspapers when delivered, is quite another matter, but we can hardly conceive of any people accustomed to American liberty, submitting to such an invasion of their individual rights.

If reformers were permitted to do so, they would bring upon the country a degree of tyranny and oppression regulation never known in Russia during the darkest days of the autocracy. It is because of these extremists that a lot of people who otherwise would favor prohibition oppose it now. Let the reformers take

an inch and they next would take an ell. The leaders of them in Albuquerque have stated repeatedly that when they succeeded in their efforts to prohibit the sale of intoxicants their next move would be against tobacco. In other words, they do not mean to rest until they have placed laws upon the statute books by which they hope to force everyone to conform to their particular ideas of how every life should be regulated.

It is said to be difficult to get men for the submarine service. To many of us who are several thousand miles distant, the submarine looks fully as enticing as being shot at with machine guns.

Colonel Koehler wires us that the straw hat has made its official appearance in San Diego. It received first recognition in the New Mexico building.

The south is feeling a touch of real spring. The price of cucumbers took a sudden drop in Washington the other day. The fresh egg is also getting uneasy.

Speaking of goats, has anybody noticed a somewhat peculiar odor in connection with the failure of the First State bank of Las Cruces?

Where now is the man who asserted last August that the war couldn't possibly last more than three months?

A man will fight hard when he feels that he is right. He will also fight hard when he feels that he is wrong.

With Scissors and Paste

SOUL OF THE IRISH REGIMENT

(James Douglas, in London News)

Just as an Irish Rugby team is utterly different in its temper from an English, Welsh or Scottish Rugby team, so is an Irish regiment utterly different from an English, Welsh or Scottish regiment. I do not say that its temper is finer. I say it is different. At Lord Roberts' funeral I stood on the Thames embankment beside an English war correspondent. As the soldiers went by in the rain we tried to identify the various regiments. One very smart regiment puzzled us. Suddenly we fixed our eyes on a great, strapping soldier with a roguish eye and a devil-may-care glint in it. His khaki cap was cocked rakishly over one eyebrow. "Irish, of course," said the English war correspondent. "You can't mistake that fellow." It was the Irish guards. Even in the mud and rain they looked unapproachably and courageously Irish. And I remembered how, not many months ago, the Irish guards (now fighting in Flanders) cheered John Redmond and John Dillon.

In the rain-soaked twilight one evening I stood at the corner of a street in Cork and watched an Irish regiment swinging past on its way back from a long route march. Were they weary? Not a bit of it. They went up the rocky hill to their barracks with a rhythmic dash that sent my heart into my mouth. I have been thrilled to the rhythm of the grenadier guards at the end of a route march. But the rhythm of this Irish regiment, though not finer, was different. There is only one word for it—there was more devil in its rhythm. It reminded me of the rhythm of a rush down the field by a pack of Irish forwards. The corporate soul of the regiment was in the rhythm, and the soul was Irish.

The drums and fiddles were playing a queer wild Irish tune, and at intervals each section barked like a pack of hounds. That fierce bark went down the regiment from front to rear, bark after bark, like a series of volleys—the vocal attack, as a musician would say, being perfect. As I heard it, I knew that I was listening not to a mob, but to a regiment—an Irish regiment—and there were tears of pride in my eyes as the long pulsing line of steel swept like a live thing around the corner up the dark hill.

LIKE "PADDY AND THE FLEA"



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(Born Feb. 12, 1809.)

By Robert G. Ingersoll.

Strange mingling of mirth and tears, of the tragic and grotesque, of cap and gown, of Socrates and Rabbe-cap, of Aeschylus and Marcus Aurelius, all that is gentle and just, humorous and honest, merciful, wise, laughable, lovable and divine, and all consecrated to the use of man; while through all, and over all, an overwhelming sense of obligation, of chivalric loyalty to truth and upon all the shadow of the tragic end.

Nearly all the great historic characters are impossible monsters, disproportioned by flattery, or by calumny deformed. We know nothing of their peculiarities. About the roots of these oaks there clings none of the earth of humanity. Washington is now only a steel engraving. About the real man who lived and loved and hated and schemed we know but little. The glass through which we look at him is of such high magnifying power that the features are exceedingly indistinct. Hundreds of people are now engaged in smoothing out the lines of Lincoln's face—forcing all features to the common mold—so that he may be known, not as he really was, but according to their poor standard, as he should have been.

Lincoln Stands Alone.

Lincoln was not a type. He stands alone—no ancestors, no fellows, and

no successors. He had the advantage of living in a new country, of social equality, of personal freedom, of seeing in the horizon of his future the perpetual star of hope. He preserved his individuality and his self-respect. He knew and mingled with men of every kind; and after all, men are the best books. He became acquainted with the ambitions and hopes of the heart, the means used to accomplish ends, the spirit of action and the seeds of thought. He was familiar with nature, with actual things, with common facts. He loved the appreciated poems of the year, the drama of the seasons.

Lincoln never finished his education. To the night of his death he was a pupil, a learner, an inquirer, a seeker after knowledge. You have no idea how many men are spoiled by what is called education. For the most part, colleges are places where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed. If Shakespeare had graduated at Oxford, he might have been a quibbling attorney or a hypocritical parson.

Never Afraid to Ask.

Lincoln was a many-sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light; and his words, candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thought. He was never afraid to ask—never too dignified to admit that he did not know. No man had a keener wit or wider humor. He was

not solemn. Solemnity is a mask worn by ignorance and hypocrisy—it is the preface, prologue and index to the sinning or the stupid. He was natural in his life and thought—master of the story-teller's art, in illustration apt, in application perfect, liberal in speech, shocking, charming and prudent, using any word that will

He was an orator—clear, sincere, natural. He did not pretend. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought. If you wish to be sublime you must be natural—you must keep close to the grass. You must sit by the fire-side of the heart; above the clouds it is too cold. You must be simple in your speech; too much polish suggests insincerity.

He knew others, because perfectly acquainted with himself. He cared nothing for place, but everything for principle; nothing for money, but everything for independence. Where no principle was involved, easily away—willing to go slowly if in the right direction—sometimes willing to stop, but he would not go back and he would not go wrong. He was willing to wait. He knew that the event was not waiting and that fate was not the foot of chance. He knew that slavery had defenders, but no defense and that they who attack the right must wound themselves. He was

neither tyrant nor slave. He neither knelt nor scorned. With him men were neither small nor great—they were right or wrong. Through manners, clothes, titles, rags and race he saw the real—that which is beyond accident, policy, compromise and war. He saw the end. He was patient as Destiny, whose indecipherable hieroglyphics were so deeply graven on his sad and tragic face.

The Real Proof of Character.

Nothing discloses real character like the use of power. It is easy for the weak to be gentle. Most people can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power. This is the supreme test. It is the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it except upon the side of mercy. Wealth could not purchase power, could not awe this divine, this loving man. He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer not persons but prejudices—he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope and the nobility of a nation. He spoke, not to convince, not to applaud, but to convince. He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction. He longed to pardon. He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest in history of our world.

Lincoln's Night Ride to the Capital.

(Feb. 23-24, 1861.)

Lincoln was to have gone directly from Harrisburg to Washington, according to the prearranged and published plans. Instead, under the agreement between Pinkerton and the railroad people, a special train was made up, leaving Harrisburg after the last regular train. At the moment it started, every telegraph wire, except those necessary for the conduct of the railroad, leading from Harrisburg in every direction, was cut.

The special was run on its own time. Trains which had left Harrisburg before it were sidetracked to let it pass. Consequently, Lincoln arrived in Philadelphia before any of those who had attended the ceremonies at Harrisburg. Pinkerton's own story of the carriage ride about Philadelphia while waiting for the Washington train and of subsequent events is graphic.

"Mr. Lincoln received me very kindly, and appeared to be as cool and free from excitement as I ever saw him," he wrote. "He wore an overcoat thrown loosely about his shoulders, without inserting his arms in the sleeves, and a black Kosuth hat, which, he told me, some ardent supporter had presented to him during the campaign. He took a seat with Mr. Lamon and myself, Mr. Kenny, the superintendent of the Philadelphia, Washington & Baltimore railroad, sharing the seat with the driver overhead.

"As it was too early for us to approach the Philadelphia, Washington & Baltimore depot, Mr. Kenny had the driver take us around the city until it was just about time to reach the west Philadelphia depot of the Pennsylvania railroad, five minutes after the train was due to leave. We left the carriage at a dark spot a short distance from the depot, and Mr. Lamon, keeping a little in the rear of Mr. Lincoln and myself, the latter leaning upon my arm, and stooping somewhat so as to diminish his height as much as possible, we passed rapidly through the depot, entered the sleeping car, and within two minutes—Mr. Kenny meanwhile having delivered the package of valuable papers to the conductor, John Litzburg—the train was in motion and we were speeding along toward Baltimore.

"None of the party slept any. At Havre de Grace, on my return inside the car, after having been out to see if my signals were all right, Mr. Lincoln remarked:

"They say we are at Havre de Grace, and are moving along well. I understand we are on time."

"Although Mr. Lincoln did not sleep, he was by no means restless. I could not then see how I could have been able to understand how anyone, under like circumstances, could have manifested such complete mental composure and cheerful spirits as he exhibited during the entire journey. On arriving at the Baltimore & Ohio depot, in Baltimore, we had a wait of about half an hour.

"Here I again left the car, but remained outside only long enough to satisfy myself that everything was all right. It was now about 4 o'clock. When I returned, everybody in the car seemed to be asleep but our party. Presently the train rolled out of the depot, and we were at last bound for Washington. All the night through Mr. Lincoln, being unable to sleep, had been telling jokes and stories of which he seemed to have an endless store, in a voice so low no one heard him but Lamon and me.

"As the train neared the capital (it was then daylight, and we were making the necessary preparations for our orderly appearance on our arrival at the Washington depot), Mr. Lincoln yawned and, turning toward Lamon and me, said with a smile, 'Well, boys, thank God this prayer meet's over.'"

"At the depot, awaiting us as the train rolled in, were Mr. Washburn of Illinois and Senator Seward. We then proceeded at once to Willard's hotel, where Mr. Lincoln registered his own name and that of Mr. Lamon and myself, and was assigned rooms, though not those he expected he would have, as he had arrived somewhat in advance of the appointed time.

"During the morning, after the news of his arrival had spread, there was more or less excited talk. Few men were willing to believe he had actually reached the city, and many were the vile and bitter imprecations I heard heaped upon his head while mingling with the crowds in the hotels

LINCOLN.

A soul akin to all the solitudes.
His thoughts forever sought the far-off heights.
He loved the lonely spaces of the night.
The birds and beasts of quiet habitation.
Within the magic circle of his mood
All nature drew her forces to delight;
And in her hidden chambers set a light.
Her sacred fires—where no feet could intrude
Save the immortals! So, as in a shrine
Within himself, apart from worldly joys
He wrought, amid dim presences divine
Achieved his work and kept eternal peace
Guiding war's avalanche with hand like Fate's
Through those mad hours, till Freedom loosed her gates.
—New York Times.

and public places of that rebellious city. Its people, as a rule, appeared scarcely more favorable to the union than in Baltimore."

The Lincoln Record

(Among the notes of the man who had been private secretary to Abraham Lincoln was found a summary of Lincoln's gifts and achievements. It is of significance, both because it is not usual for private secretaries to make heroes of men whose infirmities are likely to impress them more than their talents, and because the judgments agree with those formed by persons not so well placed for judging. We reprint the summary.)

Turned his defeat for the senate into a success for the presidency.

Took into the cabinet his rivals and made them his ministers and servants.

Conquered the rebellion.

Liberated the slaves.

Convinced all the intrigues against him in cabinet and camp.

Gave his implacable rival the chief Justiceship.

Disarmed all criticism by shouldering all faults.

Consolidated his party and increased his majorities.

Held the people to their great task.

Made the strongest argument for peace and the best defense of war.

Gave his Springfield prayer, his Gettysburg address and his second inaugural the most pathetic and eloquent utterances of his time.

Forbore in speech and faultless in logic, he enriched the language with new thoughts, new definitions, new maxims, new parables and new proverbs.

Was a true type and exemplar of his country, his race and his government.

Wore honor without pride, and wielded power without oppression.

Lived like a peasant by necessity of birth and fortune, reigned like a monarch by right of representative instinct, native intellect, the wisdom of humility and love of his fellowmen.

Died a martyr and was wept by the civilized world.

WHEN YOU WASH YOUR HAIR DON'T USE SOAP

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali, which is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle.

The best thing to use is just plain purified coconut oil, for this is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap, and beats soaps or anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in, about a teaspoonful is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy and easy to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

The Strongest Man in the World

is only a baby when he lies on his back and takes orders from a rebellious stomach and a trained nurse. The best food to coax back the digestive organs to natural vigor is

Shredded Wheat

a food for invalids and athletes, for youngsters and grown-ups—contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. The delicate, porous shreds of baked wheat are retained and digested when the stomach rejects all other foods.

Made in America

Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits, heated in the oven to restore crispness, served with hot milk or cream make a complete, nourishing, satisfying meal at a total cost of five or six cents. Also delicious with fruits.

